The Tragedy of *Hero* and *Leander*:

OR,

The Two Unfortunate Lovers.

Famous *Leander* for his love renown'd,
In croſſing of the Helleſpont was drown'd,
And *Hero* when his corps ſhe once eipy'd,
She leapt into the waves, and with him dy'd.
To a pleaſant new Tune, Or, *I will never love thee more.*

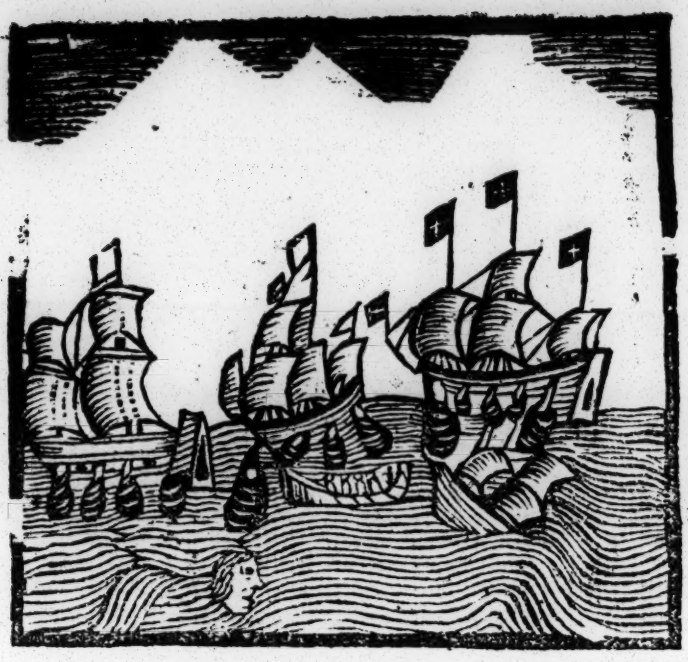
COme mournful muſe aſſiſt my quill,
whilſt I with grief relate,
A ſtory of two Lovers true,
cut off by cruel fate:
Death onely parts, united hearts,
and brings them to their graves,
Whilſt others ſleep within the deep,
or periſh in the waves.

Leander on the bay of bliſs,
Pontus, he naked ſtood;
In paſſion of delay he ſprang,
into the fatal flood.
The rageing ſeas, none can appeaſe,
his fortune ebbs and flows, (powers,
The heaven down ſhowres, and rain down
and the wind aloft it blows.

The Lad forlook the Land, and bis
unto the Gods complain.
You Rocks, you rugged Waves,
you Elements of Hail and Rain,
What 'tis to miſs, true Lovers bliſs,
alas you do not know,
Make me a wrack as I come back,
but ſpare me as I go.

Behold on yonder tower, ſee where,
my fair beloved lyes
This th' appointed hour, hark how
ſhe on Leander cryes;
The Gods were mute, unto his ſute,
the billows anſwered, No;
The ſurges riſe, up to the skyes,
but he ſunk down below.

Sweet Hero like Dame Venus fair
all in her Turrit ſtood,
Expecting of her Lover dear,
who croſſing was the Flood:
A feeble light, through darkſome night,
ſhe ſet her Love to guide:
With wavering arms, and loves Alarms,
with a voice full loud ſhe cry'd.



YOu cruel wabes some pitty show,
unto my dearest friend;
And you tempestuous winds that blow,
at this time prove more kind:
O waft my love secure to shore,
that I his face may see;
With tears your help I do implore
your pitty lend to me.

Let each kind Dolphin now befriend,
and help my love along;
And bring him to his journeys end
before his breath is gone;
Let not a wave become his grave,
and part us both for ever;
Pitty my grief, send him relief,
and help him now or never.

The fierce and cruel tempest did
most violently rage;
Not her laments, nor discontents
its fury could asswage;
The winds were high and he must dye,
the fates did so ordain;
It was design'd, he ne'r should find
his dearest Love again.

She spread her silken veil for to
secure the blazing light,
To guide her Love, least on the Rocks
his wearied limbs should smite:
But cruel fate, it prov'd his mate,
and caused him to sleep;
Oh from above, behold her love
lye drowned in the deep.

Her showry eyes with tears brought in
the tide before its time;
Her sad lamenting groans likewise
unto the skys did clime:
O Heavens (quoth she) against poor me
do you your forces bend;
Then from the Walls in haste she falls
to meet her dying friend.

Her rowled wed arms about,
his senceless corps she clipps,
And many kisses spent in vain
upon his dying lipps:
Then wav'd her hands, unto the Lands,
singing with dying pride;
Go tell the World in billows strong,
I with my Love have dy'd.

Thus did they both their breath resign,
unto the will of fate;
And in the deep imbrace end twine,
when Death did end their date:
Let Lovers all example take,
and evermore prove true,
For Hero and Leanders sake,
who bids you all adieu.

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